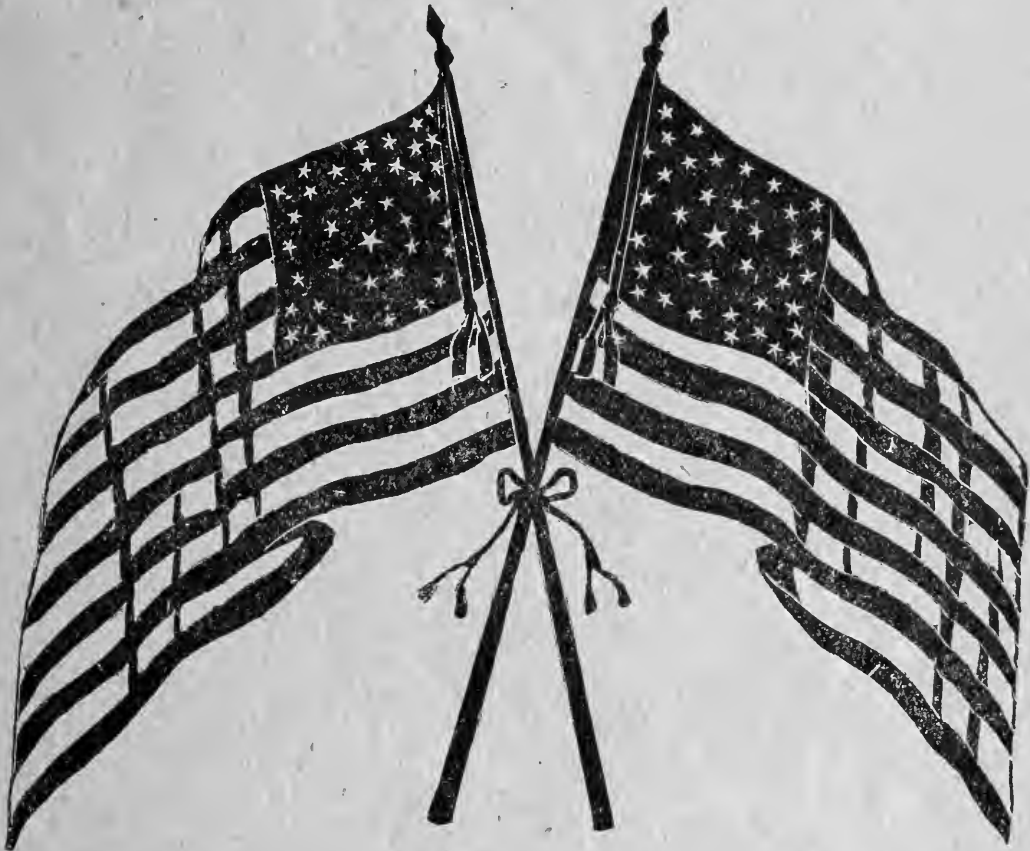


Free on Application at Warerooms, or by Mail,  
15 Copies for 5 Cents.

  
**AMERICAN SONGS.**

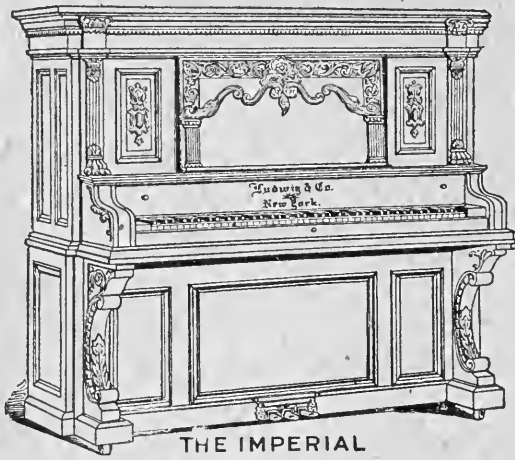


**A Collection of National Hairs.**

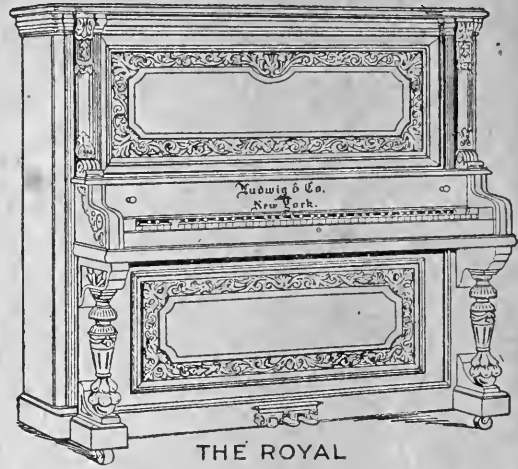
---

COMPLIMENTS OF  
Denton, Cottier & Daniels,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

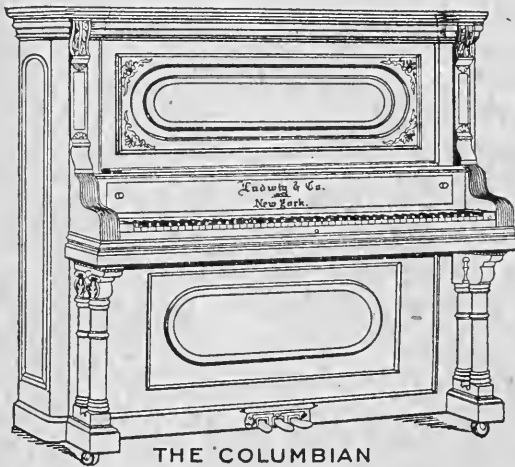
# LUDWIG PIANOS



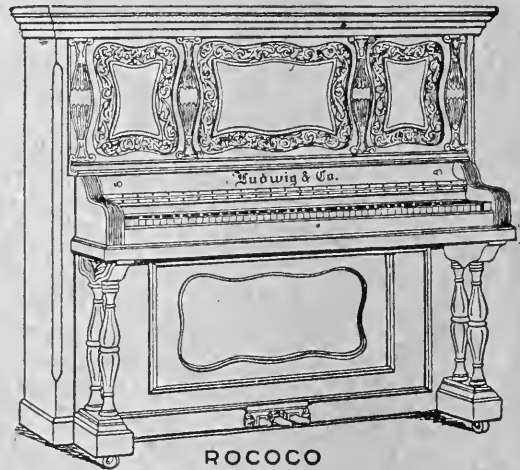
THE IMPERIAL



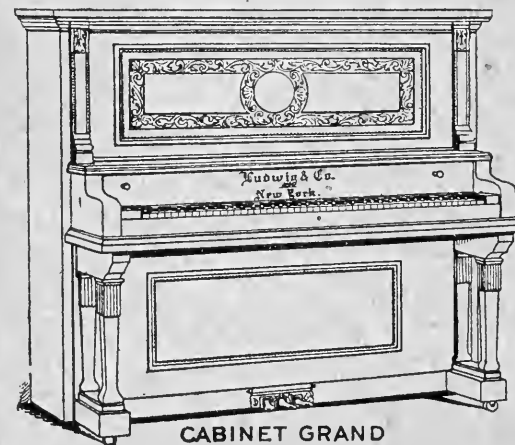
THE ROYAL



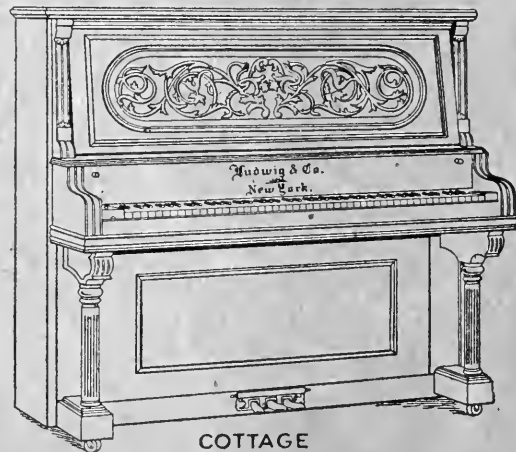
THE COLUMBIAN



ROCOCO



CABINET GRAND



COTTAGE



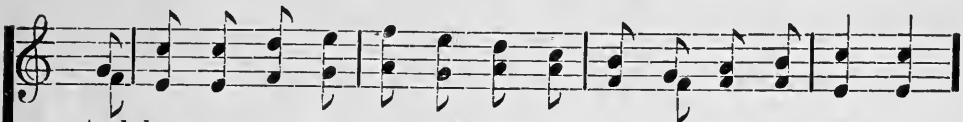
Gift of  
Esther Foultz

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

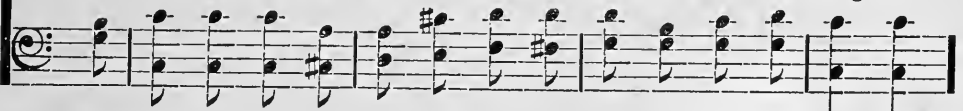
# Yankee Doodle.



1. Fa-ther and I went down to camp, A-long with Cap'n Good-win,
2. And there we saw a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da-vid;
3. And there was Gen-'ral Wash-ing-ton, Up-on a snow white charg-er,



And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hast-y pud-ding.  
 And what they wast-ed ev-'ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.  
 He look'd as big as all out doors, Some tho't he was much larg-er.



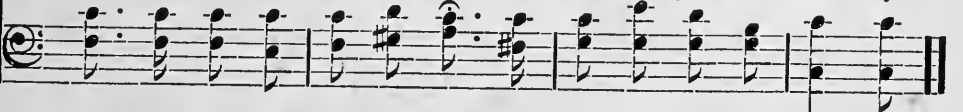
## CHORUS.



Yan-kee Doo-dle, keep it up, Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy,



Mind the mu-sic and the step, And with the girls be han-dy.

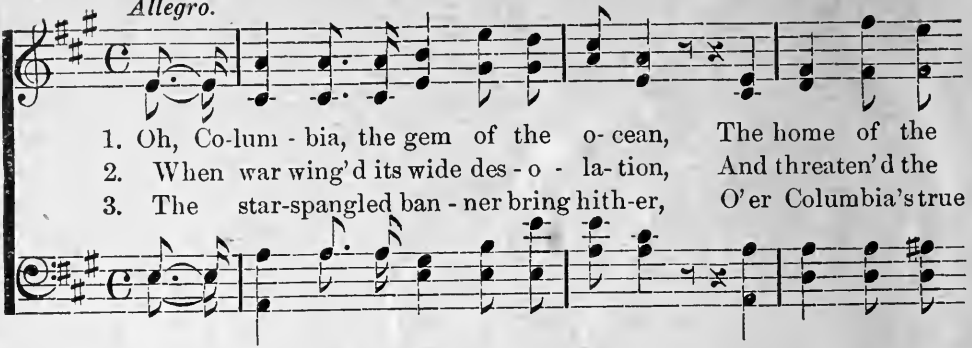


- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4 And there they had a copper gun,<br/>             Big as a log of maple,<br/>             They tied it to a wooden cart,<br/>             A load for father's cattle.</p> <p>5 And every time they shoot it off,<br/>             It takes a horn of powder,<br/>             And makes a noise like father's gun,<br/>             Only a nation louder.</p> | <p>6 And there I saw a little keg,<br/>             All bound around with leather,<br/>             They beat it with two little sticks,<br/>             To call the men together.</p> <p>7 But I can't tell you half I saw,<br/>             They kept up such a smother,<br/>             I took my hat off, made a bow,<br/>             And scampered home to Mother.</p> |
|--|--|

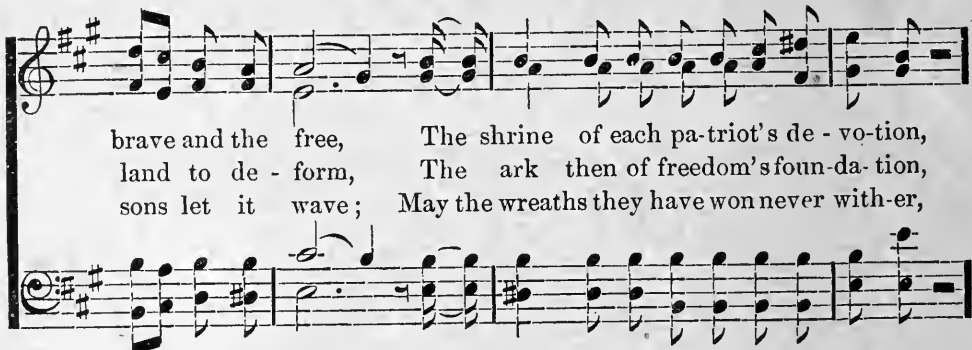
# Red, White and Blue.

Arr. by FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

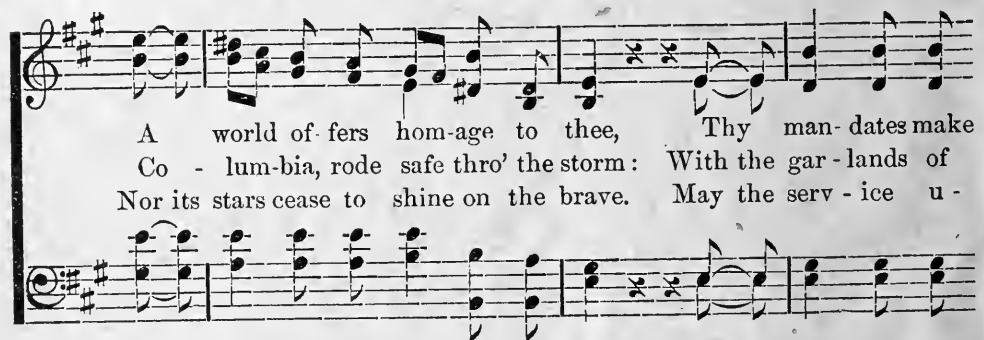
*Allegro.*



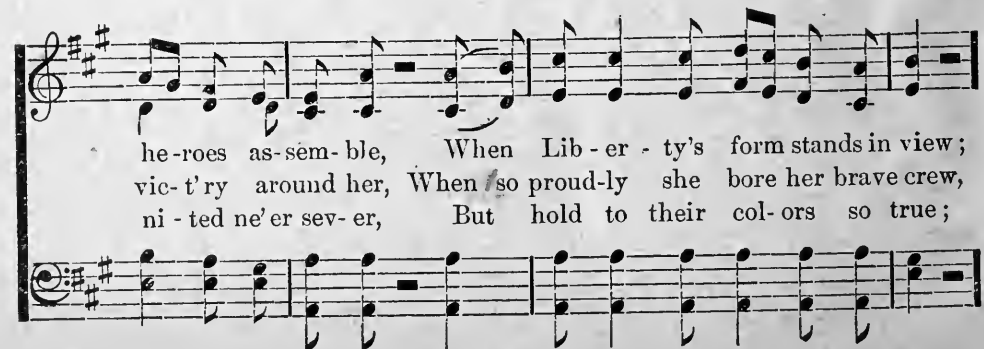
1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the  
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-lation, And threaten'd the  
3. The star-spangled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Columbia's true



brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion,  
land to de-form, The ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion,  
sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won never with-er,

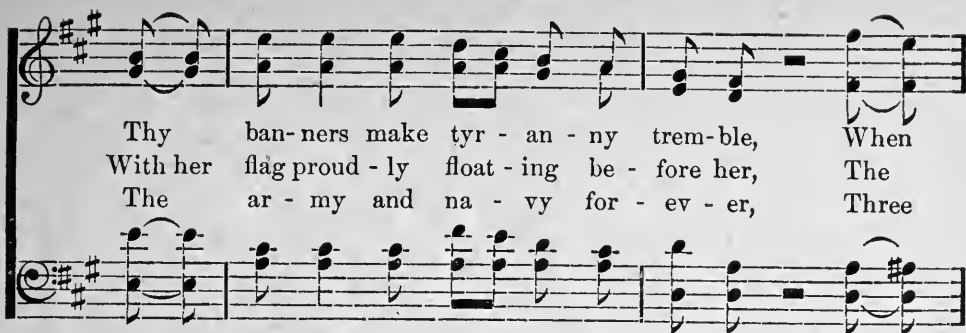


A world of-ers hom-age to thee, Thy man-dates make  
Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the gar-lands of  
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the serv-ice u-

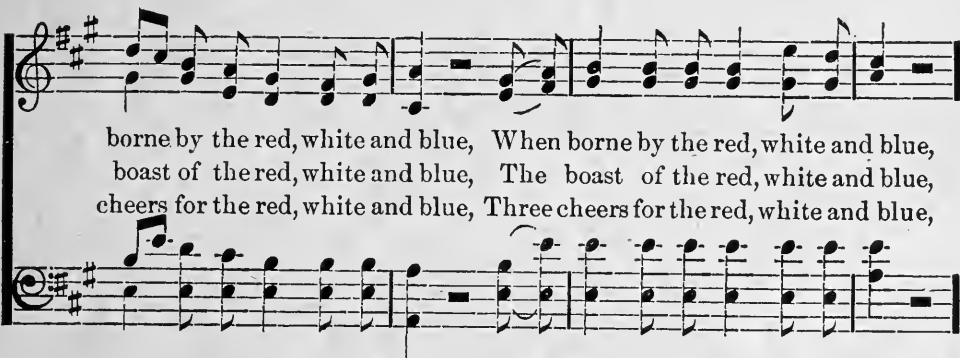


he-roes as-sém-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;  
vic-t'ry around her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,  
ni-ted ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

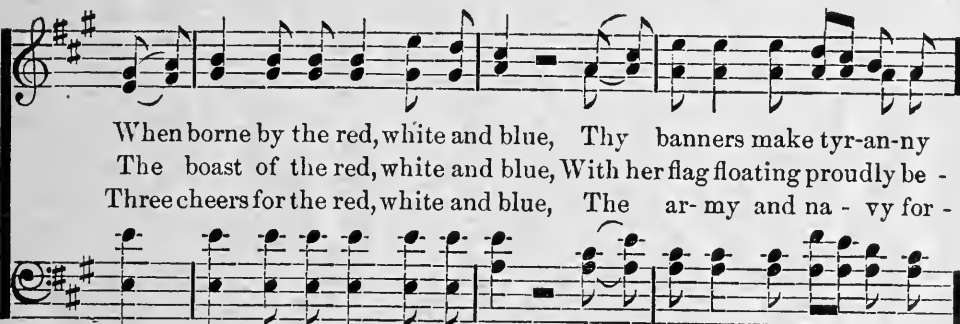
# RED, WHITE AND BLUE.



Thy ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When  
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The  
The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three



borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue,  
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue,  
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue,



When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy banners make tyr-an-ny  
The boast of the red, white and blue, With her flag floating proudly be -  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The ar - my and na - vy for -

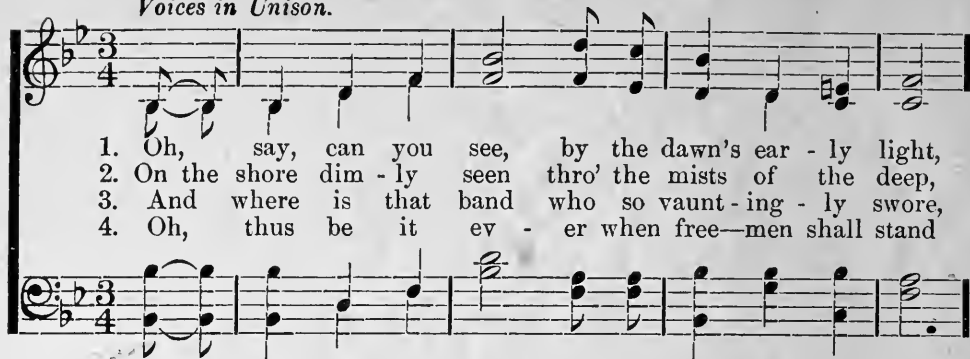


trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

# The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

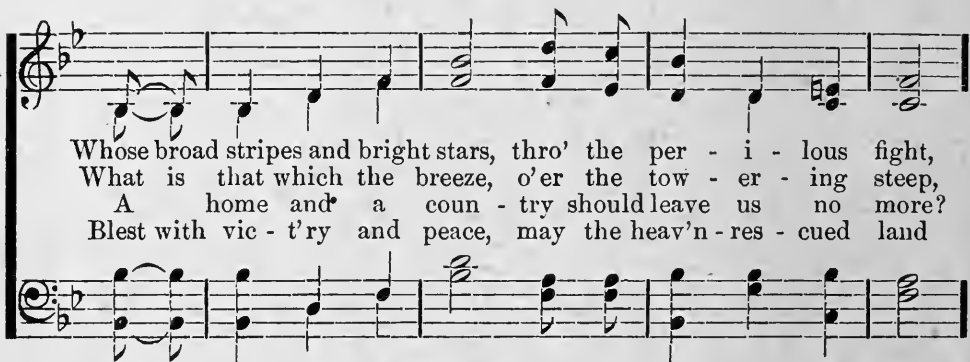
*Voices in Unison.*



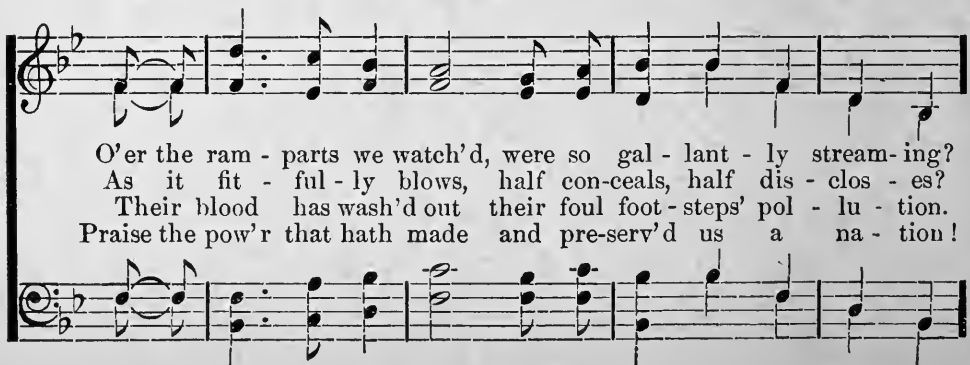
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,  
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore,  
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand



What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam - ing,  
 Where the foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,  
 That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion,  
 Be - tween their loved home and wild war's des - o - la - tion;

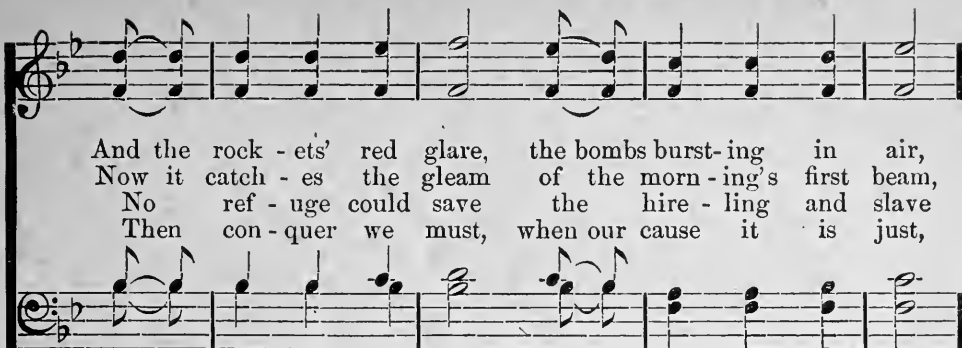


Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - i - lous fight,  
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,  
 A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?  
 Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land

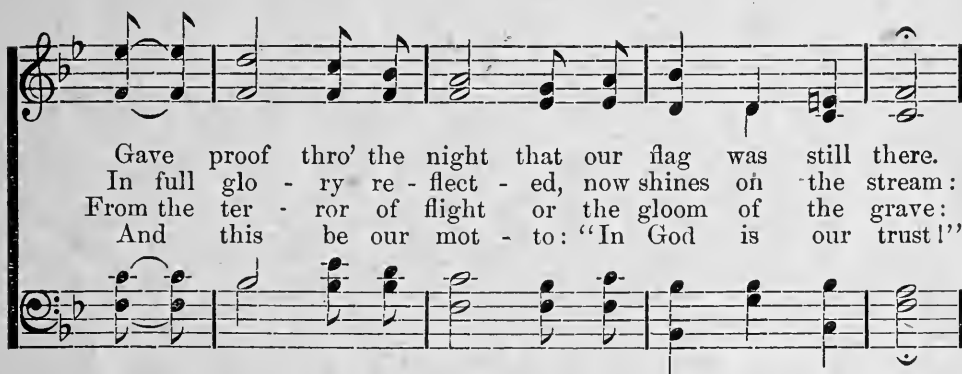


O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?  
 As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?  
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion.  
 Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre - serv'd us a na - tion!

# THE STAR-SPANGLD BANNER.



And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air,  
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam,  
 No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave,  
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,



Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
 In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream:  
 From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave:  
 And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS. *ff* > > > > > >



Oh, say, does that star-span-gled ban - ner yet wave  
 'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner: oh, long may it wave  
 And the star-span-gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave  
 And the star-span-gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

*cres.* *ff*

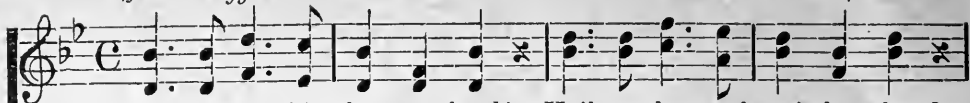


O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

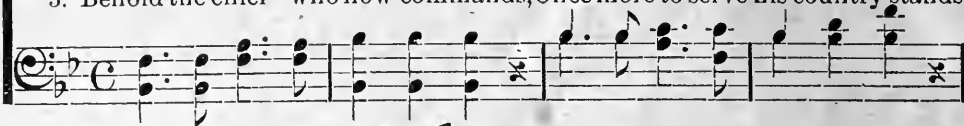
# Hail Columbia.

*With energy.*

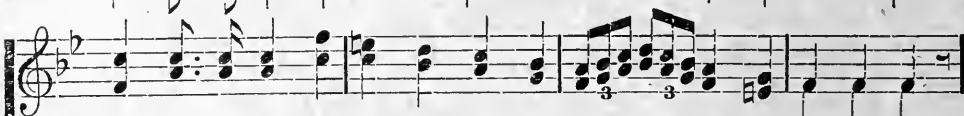
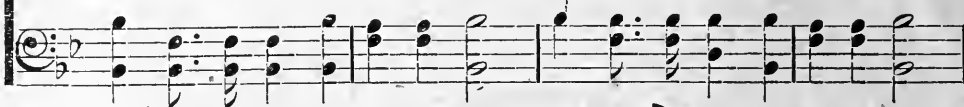
F. HOPKINSON, 1798.



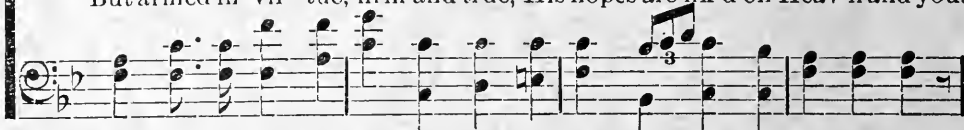
1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n born band,
2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore!
3. Behold the chief\* who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands



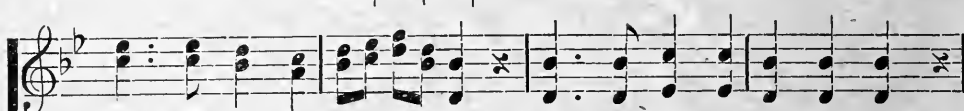
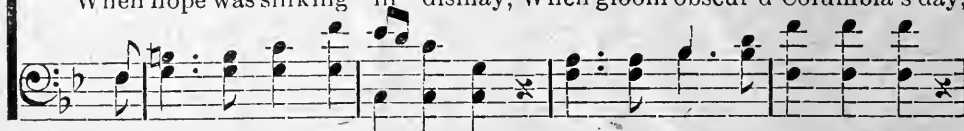
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
The rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat,



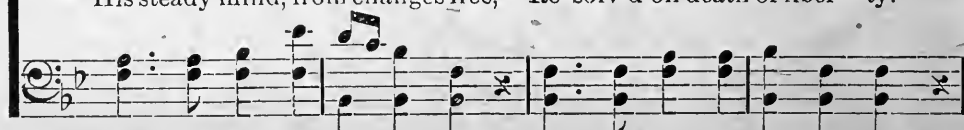
And when the storm of war was gone En-joyed the peace your valor won.  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies Of toil and blood, the well earn'd prize.  
But armed in vir-tue, firm and true, His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you.



Let in - de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost;  
While off-ring peace, sin-cere and just, In Heav'n we place a manly trust,  
When hope was sinking in dismay, When gloom obscur'd Columbia's day,



Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.  
That truth and justice will prevail, And ev -'ry scheme of bondage fail.  
His steady mind, from changes free, Re-solv'd on death or liber - ty.



Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Ral - ly-ing round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

## America.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

1. My coun - try 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love: I Love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
 To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side, Let free-dom ring.  
 tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

# Suwanee River.

S. C. F.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. { Way down up-on the Suwanee riv - er, Far, far a - way,  
 { All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,  
 2. { All round the lit - tle farm I wander'd When I was young  
 { When I was play-ing with my broth-er, Hap - py was I,  
 3. { One lit - tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love,  
 { When shall I see the bees a - humming, All round the comb?

There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay ; }  
 Still longing for the old plan - tation, And for the old folks at home. }  
 Then ma - ny hap - py days I squander'd, Ma - ny the songs I sung. }  
 Oh take me to my kind old mother, There let my live and die. }  
 Still sadly to my mem-'ry rushes, No mat - ter where I rove. }  
 When shall I hear the ban - jo thrumming, Down in my good old home. }

## CHORUS.

All the world am dark and drear - y, Ev - 'ry where I roam,

O darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

# CLAVIOLA

---

## AN AUTOMATIC PIANO PLAYER.

---

THE system of construction (pressure) is an improvement over the common system (suction); an unlimited degree of power is had to the extent it is being produced by the foot or electric motor action,—the lightest piano stroke is rendered connectedly by reducing the air pressure. The phrasing (expression) is done by this machine, which has never before been accomplished. A single note is played loud or soft whenever required. The great demand of the musician, the

### Accenting Individual Notes

has at last been attained; therefore this player is not only an automaton, but an intelligent medium of cultivation, through the control of the human mind. The construction of the Claviola so radically differs from others that it presents another positive claim of superiority, it will wear a life time, as 99% of its construction are metal parts, it is not liable to be affected by friction or moisture, as the suction system whose chief construction is wood, rubber, leather and glue. Is there any reason why this invention will not entirely displace the old system, if the facts are proven as above stated of its superiority.

Expert examination of musicians and dealers respectfully solicited. Catalogues sent free explaining more fully the superiority of the

## Claviola Piano Player

... by the agents ...

Denton, Cottier & Daniels  
OF BUFFALO.

---

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS.

---

SOLE AGENTS WESTERN NEW YORK FOR THE FAVORITE

---

# LUDWIG PIANO

AND DEALERS IN MUSICAL GOODS, SHEET MUSIC ETC.

---

THE

# FAVORITE LUDWIG

HIGH  
HONORS



PIANO.

*Won at the Paris Exhibition 1900.*



*Sole Agents Western New York,*

***Denton, Cottier & Daniels,***  
*269-271 Main Street,*  
*Buffalo, N. Y.*